Or ſhould I dig vp thy forefathers graues,
And hang their rotten coffins vp in chaines,
It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my heart.
The ſight of any of the houſe of *Yorke*,
Is as a furie to torment my ſoule.
Therfore till I roote out that curſed line,
And leaue not one on earth, Ile liue in hell therfore.
Rut. O let me pray, before I take my death,
To thee I praie, ſweet *Clifford* pittie me.
Clif. I ſuch pittie as my rapiers point affoardes.
Rut. I neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill me?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But twas ere I was borne:
Thou haſt one ſonne, for his ſake pittie me,
Leaſt in reuenge thereof, ſith God is iuſt,
He be as miſerablie ſlaine as I.
Oh, let me liue in priſon all my daies,
And when I giue occaſion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou haſt no cauſe.
Clif. No cauſe? Thy Father ſlew my father, therefore die.
Plantagenet, I come *Plantagenet*,
And this thy Sonnes blood cleauing to my blade,
Shall ruſt vpon my weapon, till thy blood
Congeald with his, do make me wipe off both. *Exit.*

Alarmes. Enter the Duke of Yorke ſolus.

Yor. Ah *Yorke*, poaſt to thy Caſtle, ſaue thy life,
The goale is loſt; thou houſe of *Lancaſter*,
Thrice happie chaunce it is for thee and thine,
That heauen abridgde my daies, and calls me hence
But God knowes what chaunce hath betide my ſonnes:
But this I know, they haue demeand themſelues,
Like men borne to renowne by life or death:
Three times this daie came *Richard* to my ſight,
And cried, courrage Father: Victorie, or death.
And twice ſo oft came *Edward* to my view,
With purple Faulchen painted to the hilts,
In blood of thoſe whom he had ſlaughtered.

Oh

O harke, I heare the Drummes: No way to flie?
Noe way to ſaue my life? And heere I ſtay:
And here my life muſt end.

Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland, and ſoldiers.

Come bloody *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchleſſe furie to more bloud:
This is the But, and this abides your ſhot.
North. Yeeld to our mercies proud *Plantagenet*.
Clif. I to ſuch mercie as his ruthfull arme
With downe right payment, lent vnto my father,
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his Carre,
And made an euening at the noonetide pricke.
Yor. My aſhes like the *Phœnix*, may bring foorth
A bird that will reuenge it on you all,
And in that hope I caſt mine eies to heauen,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with:
Why ſtay you Lords? what, multitudes and feare?
Clif. So cowards fight when they can flie no longer:
So Doues do pecke the Rauens pierſing tallents:
So deſperate thieues all hopeleſſe of their liues,
Breath out inuectiues gainſt the officers.
Yorke. Oh *Clifford*, yet bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy minde orerun my former time:
And bite thy tongue that ſlaundreſt him with cowardiſe,
Whoſe verie looke hath made thee quake ere this.
Clif. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blowes twiſe two for one.
Queene. Holde valient *Clifford*, for a thouſand cauſes,
I would prolong the traitours life a while.
Wrath makes him deafe, ſpeake thou *Northumberland*.
Nor. Hold *Clifford*, do not honour him ſo much,
To pricke thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it when a curre doth grin,
For one to thruſt his hand betwene his teeth,
When he might ſpurne him with his foote away?
Tis warres prife to take all aduantages,

Yorke. — death.